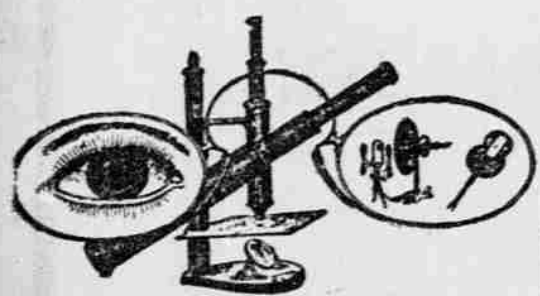


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ELEPHANTS BATHING IN RIVER.



A WARNING.

"See here, now, you boys want to stop that!"
"Gwan, or we'll jest soak the ones that's doing the most kickin'!"

P. Maurice McMahon Visits Joaquin Miller

P. Maurice McMahon, Hawaii's wandering minstrel, is now sojourning in San Francisco, having wandered thus far back towards Hawaii from his visit to the old homeplace in England. He writes in his characteristic style of a visit on Sunday, the eve of the New Year, to the famous poet of the Sierras, Joaquin Miller:

"I journeyed from San Francisco to Fruitvale, the retreat of the Poeta de las Sierras, Joaquin Miller. After a ride on the electric car for about a mile or so, passing pleasant little cottages engirdled by trees and gardens, I turned my face to the hills, meandering along a brown and picturesque road, bordered by firs and eucalyptus. I asked a bright-eyed little chap, as I got off the car, if he knew where Joaquin lived. 'Should think I do,' he said, 'why, I sees that old fellow down here every day with his big coat on and his top boots; there's people goin' all the time to see him, and he has a lot of Japs up there and he puts goatskin pants on um.' So off I went with visions of Japs in goatskin pants and the poet in the midst of them. At last, after a most enjoyable uphill walk of about two miles, I reached the abode de la Poeta on the left-hand side of the road: four little whitewashed cottages, with a little garden in front, at the base of a hill, with trees all around, and quite a little forest immediately behind them. In the second cottage from the left was the redoubtable Joaquin, yes, with the top-boots on, and with his light locks airy and artistically hanging on his shoulders, but nowhere around could I see the Japs with the goatskin pants. Well, the old man greeted me as cordially as though I had been a long-lost friend of his, shaking me heartily by the hand, saying, 'and how is the Poet?' for you know I spent a couple of days with him at Paso Robles once and sent him a copy of my book of verse, which he put in the library of the Bohemian Club in San Francisco. And, faith, Joaquin is a true Bohemian himself. In the little rooms were several easy chairs, a bed, a little altar whereon to burn oriental incense, with pictures pasted on the walls of poets and artists and great writers, as well as copies of poems in longhand and in print, with curios strewn about, for the hoary old poet is a great lover of the antique and beautiful. I was surprised at the memory of Joaquin, when he said, 'When last I saw you, four years ago at Paso Robles, I invited you to stay with me three or four days, or a month or two, and now I'm sorry I am preparing to go and stay with a friend of mine till next year, as I wrote him,' he added, with a merry twinkle in his eye, 'though I am coming home tomorrow the first day of the New Year.'

"With a hearty hospitality that seems to be a part of the aged poet's very nature, he insisted upon my partaking of refreshments; then we chatted merrily of poesy and of his charming surroundings, whilst he brushed his great big coat, preparing for his journey to town with a young lady, a Miss Boyle (another exile from Erin), a sculptor, who was engaged on a bust of the Poet's mother, recently deceased. He called me to the door, and pointing to a dainty little kitten sunning itself on a stone wall close by, said, 'there is peace.' And

truly it was a charming little picture of contentment, with the green foliage around and the flowers and the kitten in the middle of it, dreaming of—well, it's hard to say what a kitten dreams of save milk and mice and such things, but so long as it inspires us with a sublime feeling of restfulness and content surely it is a picture of peace. Then he called 'Kuge,' and a gentlemanly little Japanese came forward, to whom I was presented as a gentleman and a poet, with the information that Issio Kuge was a poet also from the land of the Chrysanthemum, who had lived here for the past two years, and had taken the little cottage formerly occupied by Yone Noguchi, who had lived with Joaquin seven years, and lately had achieved fame as a poet in the United States and abroad. 'You're fond of the poets, Joaquin,' said I. 'Yes,' said he musingly, 'I would not have people close around me who were not poets.' Following this he drove away with the pleasant little sculptor, Miss Boyle, whilst I accompanied Mr. Kuge around through the garden and up on the hill, through the dense trees, to a little enclosure wherein there were ten graves, among them those of the mother and daughter of the poet.

"The situation truly is a beautiful one, with a grand view of the fertile valley of Fruitvale, with the undulating hills around, dotted with little groups of trees, the brave mountains in the distance and the winding bay in front, with vessels at anchor thereon silhouetted clearly against the evening sky. Ah! yes, Peace was there, and not alone with the kitten, but in the sweet and tender face of Nature herself, filling one with a deep veneration for all that is beautiful and pure and manly and generous, and my heart went out to the sweetness and the purity and I felt a better man for it. 'And I'm to go there again when I feel like it, and stay for a month or two!'

FAIR CEYLON.

(Continued from Page 5.)

than a crowd of men can do it. When the pile reaches a certain height and they are no longer able to lift the heavy logs to the top, they will lean two pieces slant-wise against the heap, then roll the remaining logs up this incline and place them snugly on the top.

While the utility of the elephant is wonderful on account of the skill and earnestness he displays in his work, he is nevertheless too smart to be left alone. It is not bossed by the keeper, his natural love of ease asserts itself and he wanders off to the shade to browse and indulge in the luxury of blowing dust over his back. The method of punishing such a powerful animal for neglect of duty is a serious question for the attendants. Instead of using force it is considered better to humiliate him, which is generally done by stopping his allowance of cane or by making him eat after his companions. On these occasions the look of miserable degradation in the culprit's eyes is so plain that his contrition is unmistakable.

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WHERE ARE THE SPRINGS?

The ancient Greeks tell of a river of the Peloponnesus called Alpheus, rising in Mt. Stymphalus, flowing through Arcadia and Elis, and then making its way beneath the Mediterranean as far as Sicily, where it united with the fountain Arethusa near Syracuse. It was the love of a swain for a nymph which led to this movement, and this emotion seems to have been able to prevent the commingling of the two kinds of water where ordinarily a mixture would result. What has been narrated in fable seems to be true today in the existence of boiling freshwater springs rising persistently in the briny deep off certain shores in the Hawaiian and West Indian islands and elsewhere.—Popular Science Monthly.

THE COOKING SCHOOL.

"How to Use Leftovers" is to be the subject of Miss Tracy's cooking lecture at the Hawaiian Hotel Wednesday morning.

This lesson will include Mulligatawny Soup, Shepherd's Pie, Macaroni and Meat Timbales, Shrewsbury Cakes. The lesson begins promptly at ten o'clock.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.

The following recipe for removing grease spots will never fail and will not injure the most delicate fabric and will remove from a carpet a pint of oil without leaving a trace behind: Rub as much dry buckwheat flour upon the oil or grease spot as it will take, surrounding and covering it entirely; let it remain a few days, then brush off. A second application is seldom needed.—Boston Post.

A food-inspector was examining the meat in a small butcher-shop on a back street. The greater part of the meat was fairly good, but there was one lot of pork and beef that was questionable. The butcher stood outside with a customer. The inspector called him in. "Look here," he said. "What is your opinion of this meat here?" The butcher looked it over. "I had forgotten all about that," he said. "It is pretty old stock." "Well, what is your opinion of it?" "My opinion," said the butcher, slowly, "is that it is unfit for human food, but it might do for sausage."

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